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Judge was cordial and over rather quickly. I am still struck by his frightened aspect. I wasn't trying to frighten him but he was very frightened in my presence, which leads me to believe that he may know something about the fallen board. After John and I walked around in the Cemetery a bit, I asked John if he could show me that "watering" device up by White's Crossing and he seemed to be delighted. We drove up and parked the car and walked the gravity roadbed up to Panther's Bluff--John fully in control. I was the student/novice, and we had a grand time. We found at least a dozen railroad spikes from the gravity railroad and bits and pieces of metal, including a piece of a lamp/railroad lamp/miner's lamp. Panther's Bluff is breathtaking. We located a few (three) D&HCCO. stone posts, and John was extremely excited by the find. We saw a young fawn--one week old at the most. We discovered, we think, the shepherd's crook on this side (Carbondale side) of the mountain. We spent several hours exploring and walking the roadbed. Discovered a caved in coal mine plus a rock cut for the shepherd's crook. Over Memorial Day weekend we will walk the same path and take photographs for "A Walk Over the Gravity Railroad 1982" for the Pioneer Days week slide show. After the Gravity walk, John wanted to show me the Artesan Well--across the road from White's Crossing. The last time I was there was with Norton Vail and the scouts and I had completely forgotten how to get there. We drank from the well and washed our hands and then I drove John home. He invited me into his house to see some of his treasures: bottles and railroad bits and pieces he had found, and he gave me a D&H water bucket that he found. He gave it to me on the condition that I let him borrow it during his Gravity talk in August. I was very touched. His mother and sister were in the kitchen and I drank a glass of iced tea with them. Mrs. Buberniak was frying hamburger in preparation for an Italian supper (noodles of some sort and hamburger and spaghetti sauce); John showed me his motorcycle. It was a very pleasant visit. I took my leave and said that I would see him on Saturday morning at City Hall. I kept one spike and one nail of all the "treasures" that we found on our Gravity walk and John kept the rest. We will have to display them during Pioneer Days. Friday evening at home, with HLRP and WSP. Very quiet and very nice. Saturday morning I had to go to Scranton to a paint store and pick up a gallon of roof paint for the porch roof for HLRP: I did so and was back in Carbondale by 10:15 A.M., and as I arrived at City Hall, Harold Litts and John Buberniak were there. Litts wanted to hand deliver his bid. We chatted and he is a very nice person and I'm sure that he is a skilled mason. If I have anything to say about it, he will do the masonry work on the building. John Buberniak arrived and Litts took his leave. John and I went out to the Brookvalley Farm and borrowed a hammer and nails and got some wire from Russell to screen out the pigeons. John and I drove up to the Homestead and I gave HLRP her paint and John and I went up and looked at the "Car," I was mistaken on Friday, Bob Tomaine and HLRP and I went out to the Homestead at mid-day. John Buberniak did not appear until after we had returned from the Homestead. Back in town, we mounted the tower stairs of City Hall and began to patch holes in the wire/screen. We repositioned the "fallen" board and worked smoothly. John discovered some girls sun bathing on the roof of a building by the library and he and Revak had a grand time yelling at the girls and carrying on. I patched holes. Finally John went over that direction and went up the Library's fire escape and started to talk to the girls: Revak and I watched from the tower of City Hall. John Revak then washed up and went over. When I finished with the holes in the screening, I went down and washed up and then out into the Park. John Revak left and John Buberniak was still up with the girls. When he came back from visiting the sun bathers, he was in an extremely quiet and unusual (for him) mood. When he shows, they may have tried to seduce him; or he, them. Whatever the case, he was in a strange mood when he came back to the Park and joined me on a Park bench. I drove him home. Before the cleaning and patching in City Hall on Saturday, Revak and Buberniak and I, after we returned to

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Carbondale from Russell's, went over to the Episcopal Church flea market. We ran into John Buberniak's mother and sister there and we had lunch with them. Millie Emmett was there and Mrs. William Schroeder was there and they recognized me and I them. Mrs. Schroeder gave us a tour of the "sanctuary" which is beautiful, very beautiful. There was a post card "City Hall Park and Episcopal Church" on the bulletin board and I asked if I could borrow it and I was given permission to do so. I bought a box of tatting thread for \$1 and I bought it because it reminded me of Grandma Russell. John Revak was told about our Gravity Railroad walk and is interested in taking the walk: over Memorial Day, Buberniak, DWP, Revak and I will doubtless take the Gravity walk. Sunday I slept late, having returned from Derek Shaw's dreadful barbecue on Saturday: too many uninteresting people for my taste. I picked up the Rocky Glen photographs and all of the Shaw material that appears in Volume III, Number 4 of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA. On Sunday after lunch I went up to Elkdale Cemetery and had a pleasant time and decided that the stones must be straightened this year or they will fall over. I went to the Clifford Cemetery and took down the notation on the James A. Russell stone there. I then visited with RTP and family and got the 6:30 bus. WSP drove me to the station. When I returned to NYC, the 9th Avenue Festival was just ending: garbage and more garbage everywhere. The contrast between my Elkdale Cemetery idyll and my thoughts of running away to the country and the mess on 9th Avenue was so strong that I could hardly believe my eyes and ears and nose.